

"and you're phoning the office
and getting the afternoon off."

Later, in the cool dimness of her apartment
we eat take-out Mexican food
and make long, sweaty love
in our cool, white skins.

Satiated, she purrs that I can stay
even longer, if I want.

But her dirty panties stick out
of her blue skirt, lying crumpled
in the corner. "No." I say;

my blister is going down
and I have enough change to catch the subway
to the station, in the morning.

STRIP SHOW

Tungsten lights
blink off and
on off,
clean air devices
whirl
with mechanistic un-
effort.
The beer tastes homogenized
tiles are blanched
soap dispensers
dispense
and the perverts
who peek
at cocks
without pissing
are polite, un-
offending.

The girls strip
piecemeal, layer
into layer,
designed dainties
falling through
dioxane-blue twilight.
By the last song
they're down to the mound,
razed, gaping,
the mystery of the black hole
displayed,
the pudendum shiny as fins.

They smile
and the audience joins in
not a shared secret
but a shared sensibility.

-- Jeff Parsons

White Rock, B.C., Canada

SPEED!!!!!!!!!!!!

every day on the freeway I get into a speed duel with
some fool

I win most of them
but now and then I hook up with some fellow who is
totally mad
and I take a
loss.

each day as I enter the freeway I think, not today,
today I am going to have a
nice easy pleasant
ride.

but somehow I get into it and it's always on the
Pasadena Freeway
with its snake-like sharp curves which enhance the
danger and exhilaration.

these same curves make it almost impossible for the
police to time you
so they seldom cruise the
Pasadena Freeway.

here I am 65 years old
dueling with these young boys
in split-second lane changes
charging between the tiniest gaps of moving
steel
the landscape roaring by on days of
rain and
sun and
fog.

it's all an eye for
timing

and there's only so far
to go
for any of
us.